EVEL
ONE

"The mighty dead
"Who blessed mankind and humanised the world."

THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN
AND
Record of Unitarian Worthies

BEING A HISTORY OF THE UNITARIAN REFORMATION OF RELIGION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA DURING THE LAST THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

With some Account of the most Notable Works written by Unitarians.

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SCENES IN HUNGARY.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

THE UNITARIANS.

"Is it possible, Herr Graf, this village is all composed of Unitarians?"

"Yes, entirely; with the exception of a few *Reformirten* who have immigrated lately. And I shall drive you to-day though thirty or forty miles of them."

We drove toward the parsonage of the *Diachante*, or assistant Bishop. When at the gate we met just the person the Count wanted me to see, a leading peasant of the village, a Unitarian and a Radical. He wore the peasant's dress, but his manner showed a peculiar dignity; his face was very intelligent and his forehead finely formed. He accompanied us to the parsonage, and seemed greatly interested in my objects. Though the Count was one of the magistrates, and so much his superior in rank, the manner of the two was peculiarly frank and neighbourly, one reason being, perhaps, that they both were Zekers, who are the oldest stock of the Magyars, and the supposed direct descendants of the Huns. No Zeker ever had to perform the labours of a serf; he was always an independent citizen.

On our walk we spoke of political matters, and I asked the peasant, through the Count, "What party he belonged to?" Knowing that the Count was ultra Conservative, he may have thought that there was an intention to hector him on his political creed, for he drew himself up with much pride, and said that "his political views were his own private sentiments, and that no one had the right to interfere with him."

I explained at once that I especially wanted to know the views of the "Left," and should be glad to hear his. He and the Count then had a friendly political discussion, when the *Diachante* appeared, and we were introduced. He was a large, stately man, who received us with much dignity and cordiality

He did not speak German, and my Hungarian not being sufficient for a conversation with such a person, we began in Latin, in which, however, he was not powerful, so that the Count soon acted as interpreter, which he did admirably.

I inquired how large the *Diachante's* diocese was. He had fifteen churches under him, he said; and on my farther inquiries, he explained that there was "not a Unitarian child through the whole region who could not read or write." This was most remarkable in a country where seventy-five per cent. of the total population cannot read or write. "How as to criminal offences? Drunkenness, immorality of the sexes, theft, and the like?"

"Oh, they are almost unknown—we have no illegitimate children. The people are very sober, hard-working people."

"Ach, Herr Graf," said I, "these heretics have the advantage of us in '*der Sittlichkeit*'—morality."

He laughed, and then I asked whether they admitted other confessions to their schools. The Deacon replied that all were gladly welcome, and in fact the Reformed were very eager to make use of them.

"You must know," said the Deacon, "that we have always been very liberal in Transylvania—and we think the Unitarians have been the great instruments in this progress.

"Even as early as in 1554 our *Parliamentum* declared *Fides una Christianorum*—the Faith of Christians is One, even though their church ceremonies differ."

"Yes," said the Count, "the three peoples (he meant the Saxons, Wallachs, and Magyars) and their creeds have always

The Outside Cover to be taken Off by the Binder of the "Record."

lived amicably together, so far as their Churches are concerned." "We maintained religious liberty," said the clergyman, "when all the world was bigot."

Which is remarkably true of Transylvania, or at least of the Hungarian and Unitarian portion of it. Three centuries ago the Saxon Lutherans left Klausenburg in disgust, and emigrated to other portions of Transylvania, because the Unitarian heresy had appeared there among the Hungarians; and as a consequence that city has been Magyarised.

At an age when Philip the Second was burning Protestant heretics, and Elizabeth tormenting Catholics, and the Jews were driven from city to city, and the idea of religious liberty was unknown in the civilised world, the little "Kingdom of the Seven Burgs," under Unitarian influence, preached through its Parliament (at Mediasch), and acted out in its civil life the doctrine of universal tolerance; and to that doctrine have its people been faithful ever since.

The *Diachante* now asked if I was a Unitarian. I replied that I was not, but that I had many dear and valued friends in that sect, and had a great respect for its principles of free thought and its humanity. "Many prejudiced persons," I added, looked with horror on the body, and considered them little better than atheists."

The two looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders, intimating that there were plenty of similar bigoted persons in Hungary.

The Deacon then brought forth for my inspection a Hungarian translation of Channing's writings. Some of his best sermons, I was glad to see, were in the collection.

"*Homo a Deo emissus!*" said the pastor, reverentially.

"*A Christo inspiratus!*" we replied.

The English Unitarians, it seems, have raised a considerable fund with which they support weak Unitarian churches here, and educate in the English tongue, as well two Hungarian students. The Unitarian Superintendent or Bishop, Dr. Krisza, who called on me in Klausenburg, speaks English. The sect embraces, throughout Transylvania, a highly intelligent and cultivated class.

After our conversation we went into the village church to hear the deacon preach. The church was small, perfectly plain, and painted white, and evidently several centuries old. One end was a very good organ. The peasant women occupied one side, and the men the other. The latter all had their coats off, and wore high boots; the former wore bright-coloured head dresses with peasant's clothing. We were the only European dressed persons in the audience. The type of face was wonderfully similar; straight nose, square, finely-formed forehead, eyes dark and fiery, and the expression as of independence and hot passion, well governed, among the men; that of the women gentle and intelligent, though the features were often marked by hard outdoor labour. They all sang in common; the prayers were extempore; the sermon was without notes, but delivered with the native eloquence of the race, and much grace of gesture. It was upon the "Love of God," and was enforced by many examples from the Old Testament. During the singing of the last hymn, the audience, beginning with the women, withdrew one by one.

After service we went again into the parsonage. The pastor pressed us to stay to dinner, but we could not. He then brought out some ancient wine of his own making, resembling Tokay—a local *Ausbruch*—which called forth from the Count some jokes about the strong brains of the Unitarians in bearing old wines.

As we parted, the old pastor raised his glass, and clinking to ours, said:—

"*Zur Gedankenfreiheit!*"

"To Freedom of Thought," and then, having exhausted his German, made a short address in Hungarian, to the effect that liberty of mind and true humanity would yet prevail throughout the world.

I resided subsequently among villages of the Unitarians. The populations are all remarkable for their intelligence and morality. As a general thing they are Radicals in politics, though in this case the good deacon was of the "Right" wing. The whole number of Unitarians in Transylvania is estimated at some 50,000.

[In the above account of the Unitarians of Transylvania, by an orthodox gentleman—which is certainly very complimentary to our brethren in the far east, there are two inaccuracies: The British and Foreign Unitarian Association does not send any yearly grant of money to Hungary. Some years ago one liberal gift was sent for educational purposes. One Hungarian student, not two, at the expense of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, is always educated in London to fit him for professorial or ministerial duties.

[Abridged from the "Christian Union," a Trinitarian paper.

TEMPER AT HOME.

A HANDFUL of snow is a beautiful thing, soft, or sparkling, as the case may be, outside; but very damp and disagreeable by the fireside. And there are domestic snowballs—soft as wool, or sparkling as gems outside—"pleasant-spoken, nice men," who leave all that aside as they wipe their feet (if they do *that*) at their own door; and who become cheerless, cold, and depressing the moment their shadow falls on their own hearth. The poor mother instantly goes "on her good behaviour;" the children cease to be natural, and put on their humble looks; the dog and cat retire to the corner farthest from *him*, with an expression, which, rightly interpreted, says plainly, "It's all up, now!" Surely this is the way to unmake happy homes. Come now, my dear friend, let me talk to you. If there is a pleasant word in your mouth in the twenty-four hours, do say it to that hard-working woman whom you vowed to "cherish"—to *cherish*, mind, not only to provide for and all that, but to *cherish*. And those little boys and girls that are hungry for "petting" and affection from you, can not you make out any little manly pleasantry for them? They are not culprits, of whom you are the gaoler. Why, they are your own children, with young hearts in their bosoms, to whom *home* ought to be the dearest place, and father the best man in the whole world—"father," the name and object by which their child's heart ought to climb up to the notion of our Father in heaven? If you had trouble and toil outside—as who has not?—which gathered your brows and set your lips during the day, lay off the load when you lay off your coat, and let your presence make a little holiday in the dwelling. You are the strongest, most commanding person there—the husband or house-band knitting all together. Well, bind them together, not with the cold, hard grip of iron, but with the silken cords of human love. Brighten up, and speak cheerily: very lean wit will be applauded in a good-humoured circle, and your kindly speech will awaken kindly echoes all through the dwelling. Then the house will miss you when you are out, and every living thing in it will welcome your return. You will give a happy, healthy, lively tone to the whole circle, and save tears, time, and medical attendance.

We would not willingly convey the impression that all the good feeling is to be on the side of the father, for much might be said to wives and others on the influence of temper and tone in making home happy. Meantime, my fancy roams through dwellings into which I have peeped, into quiet "parlours" where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth, nor learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor rank, nor station—as tone and temper that make life joyous or miserable, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, in Ulster or Leinster, in Europe or America, God's grace and good sense make life what no teachers, or accomplishments, or means, or society can make it—the opening stave of an everlasting psalm, the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—*John Hall, D.D.*

"NOT NOW."

"DAYS come and go
In joy or woe;
Days go and come
In endless sun.
Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go,
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb but flow.
O long eternity, my soul goes forth to thee!

"Suns set and rise
In these dull skies,
Suns rise and set,
Till men forget
The day is at the door
When they shall rise no more,
O everlasting sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be Thou my endless light,
Then shall I fear no night!"

BONAR.

THE PLAN

OF THE

Record of Unitarian Worthies.

ON the completion of those sketches, three indices will be presented to the subscribers, to be bound with the volume. (1) With all the names in alphabetical order. (2) With all the names in chronological order from the earliest to the present time. The third index will have the names classified under the heads of Divines, Poets, Philosophers, Statesmen, Philanthropists, &c. &c.

R. SPEARS.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE UNTRUTHFUL MAN.—He begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

BETTER THAN THE DICTIONARY.—A capital definition of scandal, according to Arthur Helps, was that of the little girl who described it thus: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling it everywhere."

ACCEPT WHAT IS.—Be assured that there is little to be known here, much to be borne, and something to be done. What you are and what your life means you do not know. God only knows. You must be content with twilight, except when contrast with the darkness makes the twilight seem, as it really is in common, a blaze of light.

BE ONE THING OR ANOTHER.—In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or another.

IS THIS TRUE?—In an article on the late Professor Maurice the *Athenæum* remarks:—"Like Butler, Mr. Maurice was born and partly educated among the Nonconformists, and, doubtless, his conceptions of the Divine character which he acquired in his childhood, among the Unitarians (meagre and shadowy as he afterwards confessed these to be), not only affected his deliberations when Anglican theology was first proposed to him for his acceptance, but must have contributed materially towards the formation of that broader faith in the destinies of humanity which yet he could not discover either in Unitarianism or in the prevailing theology." We may fairly ask, in view of Maurice's belief in the "ultimate salvation of our entire race," what broader faith had he than Lindsey, Priestley, and Belsham, who all believed and probably taught him that doctrine, which is believed in by nearly all Unitarians? Men like Maurice have made no discoveries, but only in fact reveal to the orthodox Church the grand ideas they have learned in the Unitarian Church.

A ROMANIST TRIBUTE TO THE PROTESTANT BIBLE.—Dr. Newman, the Roman Catholic convert, gives in what follows a just idea of what is the stronghold of Protestantism:—"Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden in its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

THE TRINITY.—The Apostles' Creed was composed before any of the subtleties of the doctrine of the Trinity were introduced which tend more to create animosity than to promote piety.—*Rev. W. Gilpin, Prebendary of Salisbury.*

HOW LIFE IS SPENT.—Sydney Smith said one day to a young lady: "Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? if you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is passed in the following manner: An hour a day is three years. This makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with children, nine years walking, drawing, and visiting, six years shopping, and three years quarrelling."

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.—Dr. Nehemiah Adams, in a tract which we read several years ago, told of a graceless youth who was killed suddenly by being thrown from his horse; but his friends were comforted by the hopeful suggestion that

> "Betwixt the saddle and the ground
> Was mercy asked and pardon found."

SINGULARLY INCONSISTENT.—The *Methodist Protestant* reports a singular struggle for "principle," where eleven members persistently opposed the introduction of an organ into a Sunday-school, and being overruled by a majority, withdrew and joined another church using three organs! We have known members leave a church because they could not have all their own way, and join a church where they were not permitted a voice in any matter. Exactly like this organ case.

PLAIN SAXON FOR THE PULPIT.—As the Rev. Samuel Kilpin was preaching on a certain occasion, he spoke of "the Deity." A sailor who was listening immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread, and exclaimed aloud, "Deity; well, who is he? Is he our God Almighty?" The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat, with the remark, "Yes, my friend, I did mean the Almighty God." The sailor rejoined, "I thought so, but was not quite sure—I never heard that name before." The humble minister replied, "You had a right to inquire; I was to blame, whilst delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my Divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood."

A JEW ON CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity is the greatest geographical and territorial fact under the sun. It is so beyond all controversy, and if this fact, which I simply call a miracle, seems to you natural and easy of accomplishment, I only ask you this: try to spread and propagate over the universe, not a whole complicated system of metaphysics, but one single doctrine, whose mortal opponents, in the first instance, shall number every human passion which repulses it as reason against nature, and every heathen Government which denounces in as treason against authority. But I will not ask even so much. Endeavour to persuade, not even one single nation, one city, one family, but one man, of the truth of a doctrine at once repulsive to his passions and hostile to his interests. There is, however, one thing more marvellous yet than propagation; it is a duration, and a duration ever true to itself.—*Catholic World.*

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